Can I Just Stay Here?

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Can I Just Stay Here?

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will is having a relaxing Saturday in, when his new boyfriend, Hannibal, drops by for dinner.

They realize that they're much deeper into this relationship than they thought.

Despite Will's lack of ovaries and uterus, they try to conceive.

Kinktober Day 13: Breeding

Notes

This is just a quick addition to the "Your Sex Takes Me To Paradise" story for Kinktober!!

The title is yet again taken from Bruno Mars' song "Locked Out Of Heaven"!

Tinkering with boat motors in the sticky summer heat of Virgina is like therapy to Will. He'd done it as a young girl, with his dad, but now he does it all alone as an independent man.

He's got a setup outside, his pups circling him with various toys. They want his attention, and he often takes breaks to throw the toys for each of the dogs and grab some water for himself.

It's a peaceful rhythm that he's happy to spend this hot Saturday midday in. He strips his shirt on one of his water breaks, deciding that it's worth any potential sunburn just to get a little cooler.

He hears very few cars pass by on the country road to his humble house as the hours pass. And by evening time, there's virtually none.

His dogs nose impatiently at his legs, nudging him as their stomachs ask for food. Will sets down his wrench, hands covered in motor oil. He can't help but smile at Winston, who is the only dog not harassing him, taking to waiting patiently nearby the door.

"Who's hungry?" Will asks when he grabs his grease rag, which is now very dirty from working all day.

A few of the younger dogs let out excited yips and barks, their tails going absolutely crazy. But a few of the older dogs are distracted by something off in the distance.

Will leads the way to the front door, opening it slowly so the dogs don't go barreling in all at once.

He lets himself in after checking over his shoulder and taking a quick head count. All seven pups are inside and very ready for dinner.

He takes their bowls out of the cupboard and he sets them on the ground. Along with the clang of metal from the dogs nosing in their empty bowls, he hears the recognizable rumble of tires of his gravel driveway.

He isn't expecting anyone, so his own hackles raise when the dogs start barking. He has to fight through the hoard of them to get to the window.

It's a Bentley. Hannibal's Bentley.

Will's mind has many questions, but he pulls on his shirt again that he's been storing in his shorts pocket. He gives his dogs their command to go to their beds, then opens the door.

Hannibal parks on the driveway, then climbs out of the Bentley, he has a small container in his hands.

Even though they've only been going out for a few weeks, this has become a recurring thing.

Will smiles to himself before stepping down from his porch, he greets Hannibal with a soft kiss to his cheek, and when he attempts to grab hold of Will, he whispers with urgency,

“Careful, I’m filthy.”

Hannibal pulls his hands back, then analyzes Will slowly. He hadn’t lied, he is in fact very dirty. His hands are stained with oil, and his clothes are covered with it.

Hannibal smiles when he spots the small bit of grease that had been wiped off on Will’s cheek.

He leans down to kiss him again, bringing his hand up to wipe away the small bit of dirt. Hannibal can smell him clearly when their lips are locked and their faces this close.

There’s a sweet smell, pollen, sunshine, and of course, the unpleasant smell of the oil.

“You’ve been out in the sun all day.” Hannibal states simply when they disconnect, voice low and sweet. The sun will start to set soon, it’s nearly 6 o’clock.

“I’m probably sunburnt,” Will groans out, remembering how his bare back was turnt to the sun for the majority of the day. “But it’s awfully early for you to be here, as nice as it is.”

“My last appointment of the day was canceled. My client informed me that she’d gone into labor around noon today.” Hannibal informed, admiring Will’s sun kissed face.

“Labor? I hope you didn’t lecture her about your cancellation policy, then.” Will teased, resisting the urge to reach his hands up to undo Hannibal’s nice tie.

“She had seen me for her anxieties about birth and early motherhood, she’s quite young.” Hannibal explained, “So, I expect her spot will become vacant soon after postpartum depression passes.”

“Does that mean you’ll be able to come down earlier, like today?” Will asks, trying his best not to sound too eager.

Hannibal smiles softly, then reaches up with one hand to cup Will’s dirty face, “If it would please you?”

“It would.” Will doesn’t hesitate to be honest.

This causes Hannibal’s smile to broaden, and his posture to straighten, he fidgets with the containers in his hands.

“Shall we?” Will nods off towards the house where all of his dogs are eagerly waiting at the door to greet Hannibal.

They all like Hannibal, and Will is so glad they do, because he plans on keeping him around for at least a little while.

Will knows why they like Hannibal so much.. It's because almost every time he comes over, he brings homemade sausage for them to have.

And today is no different, Hannibal has brought sausage for the pups, and meals for the two of them to share.

Once they're inside, Hannibal sets his container down on the kitchen table, then turns to Will, sausage in clean hands.

"Do you uh.. mind feeding them while I go wash up and change? Their food is in the fridge." Will asks, a little hesitant because he knows that Hannibal isn't the biggest fan of animals.

"Of course. Is Zoe still on a restricted diet?" Hannibal asks, glancing down at the drooling dogs at his feet.

"Yes. I've adjusted my recipe to account for it, but her stomach might turn with too much of your treats." Will admits, putting his dog's health over kindness.

Hannibal nods, and watches Will move to the bathroom. Once he's alone, he starts picking at the sausage, throwing it down into expecting mouths.

The smaller dogs keep getting trampled by the bigger ones, so Hannibal has to lean down to offer some to them.

It doesn't take Will very long to do a spot cleaning of his face, arms, and hands. But Hannibal decides he has enough time to put the food in the bowls laid out on the ground.

He sets aside the sausage, saving the rest for after the dogs have had their specially made meals. He scoops the food into their bowls using the measuring cup provided.

He's confused when none of the dogs go for their food, then he recalls what Will had always done for them before eating.

"Ready? Set.. Go." Hannibal tries, and the dogs are all released to their bowls, ducking their heads to scarf at the delicious mixture Will makes for them.

Will returns shortly after the dogs start eating, changed into something much less greasy, and more comfortable for a night in.

"Thank you for feeding them. I swear I feed them, they never act like it though." Will sighs, moving over to stand beside Hannibal

"You take good care of them. You'd be a good father." Hannibal looks over to Will, showing his admiration in his eyes.

"I know better than to breed.. I can't anyways." Will reminds, fidgeting with his now clean hands. "I don't regret the hysterectomy, but sometimes I wonder."

"Wonder? If you want to be a father, there's always a child out there looking for one, I'd support you fully in the process."

"No, no, no." Will laughs, "I wonder about what it would be like.. to breed. To uhm.. carry a child. To create new life."

Hannibal doesn't know how to reassure Will in this situation, and he doesn't wish to bring Mischa into this conversation, so he just wraps his arms around Will.

"I care about your life, Will. And saving your life meant leaving your uterus behind." Hannibal cooed, having heard the story about how Will was urged to get rid of his uterus because it was starting to grow cancerous cells. He was happy to get rid of it, so that was all he needed to know. "If you wish to breed, you could always still try."

"To no avail." Will reminds, looking down at his pups instead of at Hannibal.

"Breeding doesn't always have to end with success, Will." Hannibal hints, moving to put the meal container he brought in the fridge. The way that Hannibal is trying to lead them will require the meal to be enjoyed a little later.

"You want to breed me?" Will questions, his stomach announcing its butterflies the second the phrase leaves his mouth.

"If it would please you?" Hannibal stalks closer, an open request. If Will were to say no now, he would back down and retrieve their meal. But if he says yes…

"It would." Will speaks, voice barely louder than a whisper. He reaches for Hannibal, extremely pleased that he comes, stopping when Will's hands are placed on his chest.

Will travels his hands over Hannibal's chest, then they stop at his tie to release the knot. Hannibal reaches his own hands out, leaving them to rest at Will's hips.

Will slides the tie off of Hannibal's shoulders slowly, taking his time. He folds the tie in his hands, not wanting to drop it on the kitchen floor with the hairy dogs all around.

Will announces "Stay." when he realizes that the dogs are still circulating around them. All the dogs sit in their spots as they're trained to. Hannibal looks confused at the command, not understanding that it was meant for the dogs, until Will takes his hand and pulls him towards the kitchen door, "Not you, handsome."

Will takes a moment to shut the kitchen door, leaving Hannibal and himself alone in his bedroom.

Hannibal doesn't waste time, grabbing Will by the hips and yanking him into himself. Will's back is pulled against Hannibal's chest, and he's unsurprised to feel Hannibal's erection against his ass. He feels the same excitement.

"We'd have such beautiful offspring together." Hannibal cooed into Will's ear, traveling his hands across the expanse of Will's broad, muscle toned chest and abs.

Will groaned at this, envisioning himself as a father, then his mind snapped back to the present. "Did our results ever come back from when we got tested together last week?"

"Clean." Hannibal assures, knowing that Will would allow him to fuck him without a condom now that they have both got tested. He too feels much better not using a condom now that he knows they're both without STIs.

Will cranes his neck around, searching for Hannibal's lips, and they meet in the middle. The kiss is in no way gentle, but it feels tender and intimate anyways.

Hannibal's dick is poking into Will's hip in this position, and Will can't help but reach his hand down to strip the belt out of its hold on Hannibal's own hips.

Will manages to get the buckle undone without disconnecting their lips, something that he's been getting very good at with Hannibal.

Hannibal's hands are still exploring, but they stop to play at the hem of Will's white pajama shirt. He pulls back so he can strip it quickly, then reengages in the hot kiss, turning Will around so they're chest to chest.

Will lets out a little whine when his nipples and scars brush against Hannibal's expensive suit, he's still quite sensitive in his chest, despite some of his nerve endings never reconnecting.

Hannibal slips his hands into the back of Will's sweatpants, fondling all the meaty ass and thighs that he can reach. Will is well aware of how much Hannibal loves his body, especially his thighs and ass, and it's done wonders for not only his body image, but his confidence in the bedroom.

"Tomorrow is leg day a-again." Will pants against Hannibal's throat, digging his nails into Hannibal's shoulders as pleasure courses through him. "We'll have to see if you can behave yourself in front of Price and Zeller."

Hannibal hums to this, rolling the flesh in his hands. Will keens when one of Hannibal's hands leaves to deliver a sharp slap to his ass.

"I need you.." Will pants, reaching clumsily for Hannibal's suit buttons. After a few moments, he's able to remove the outermost layer of Hannibal's three piece suit.

When he's clawing at the buttons to the suit vest, Will can't help but whine, "You wear too many layers."

Hannibal chuckles at this, and stops playing with Will's ass to undo his cuffs, aiding Will in the process of stripping the fine suit.

"I must dress to impress." Hannibal mutters, a joke that doesn't really sound like one when he says it.

"You always impress me." Will breathes out, grinding himself against Hannibal's groin.

Hannibal is getting impatient, feeling the need to hold his lover down and pound him until he can't speak, so, he takes over where Will left off, and stripped the rest of his torso of clothing.

Will's hands almost instinctively went into Hannibal's chest hair, petting through it gently, then catching it between his fingers for a light tug. Hannibal strips his pants off, stepping one leg out then the other.

Will can already feel how wet he is and he's not even out of his sweatpants and boxers. He thinks that he might've soaked through his boxers with his slick. Hannibal's wet too, a little dot of pre-come stains his boxers.

Will reaches up for another kiss, hands still petting through Hannibal's chest hair affectionately. When Hannibal starts to walk backwards towards the bed, Will blindly follows, lips still locked insistently with his lover's.

When the backs of Hannibal's knees hit the edge of the bed, he sinks down past it, and his knees hit the floor. He's eye to eye with Will's desire now, and his hands grab onto Will, commanding him to stay standing.

Will's whole body wants to shiver, he knows what Hannibal is going to do now, and oh, he wants it.

Hannibal's fingers hook into the waistband of Will's sweatpants and boxers both, and he's maddeningly slow when he peels them off of Will's thick thighs and down to his ankles.

Will kicks them off of his ankles, now standing fully naked, and ready to beg for what he wants. He's so desperate to have Hannibal right now… to be bred by Hannibal right now.

Hannibal starts at Will's hip, placing small kisses there, following his V line down to nuzzle into the space between his genitals and thigh.

Will can't help the urge to grab into Hannibal's kept hair, messing it up. It was bound to get messy by the end of the night anyways.

Hannibal doesn't tease Will for long, he kisses over the tiny erect cock, tip sticking out, and extremely sensitive.

Will's hands in his hair tighten when he licks a long stripe from the underside of the dick, to the top, curling his tongue like it's easy.

The gentle sucking comes next, and Will can't help but keen in pleasure, bucking his hips up into Hannibal's closed mouth.

"Where did you learn to do-" Will couldn't stop the moan from interrupting his sentence when the pressure of Hannibal's sucking became more intense. "-ah, shhhit. This? Where in the fuck did you learn this?"

Hannibal's mouth faltered, breaking the vacuum seal when he smiled at Will's praises. He doesn't even know himself where he learnt how to do this, but he's glad that he did, because it pleases Will every single time.

When Will's legs start shaking, threatening to fail, Hannibal pulls back. He looks up at Will innocently, and finds a very flushed, aroused man looking back at him.

Hannibal rises from his knees, his erection evident through his boxers, and Will is convinced that there's more pre-come staining the fabric now then there was earlier.

Will ignores Hannibal, and simply climbs onto the bed on his hands and knees. He faces away from Hannibal, his face buried in his pillows when he leans down to present his leaking pussy.

Hannibal turns to watch, his body responding with another gush of pre-come. Will is in such a perfect mounting position, so ready to be bred, and his body is yearning to give his lover what he craves.

Hannibal slips off his boxers, leaving them uncharacteristically crumpled on the floor to be dealt with later. He climbs up onto the bed, watching as Will's body responds to the dip in the mattress. He takes his dick in hand, giving it a few pumps to prepare.

Will turns his head, peering back at Hannibal not-so-patiently. He gives a little wiggle of his hips, tempting Hannibal to hurry up and breed him already.

Hannibal likes to think that he has excellent control over his mind and body, but when Will is involved, he knows that it's very unlikely he'll have any control over his actions. Will is able to break him down to pure instinct.

And right now, his instincts are screaming at him to fill this needy boy with his seed.

Hannibal grabs onto Will's hips with one hand, and his own cock with the other. He presses the tip against Will's pussy, spreading the slick he finds there to lubricate his head.

"We won't even need lube tonight, darling, you're so wet. Does the idea of being bred arouse you that much, fascinating boy?" Hannibal teases, slapping his cockhead against Will's eager hole.

"Shit-.. yes! I want it. I want you. Please, Han." Will pleads, looking back, he meets Hannibal's eyes when he begs, "Fill me. Breed me. Don't make me wait, please."

Hannibal's control slips from him with such perfect, lewd pleads like those. He spreads Will's lips with two fingers, exposing his hole in its entirety. Hannibal watches as it pulses, Will's doing this on purpose, moving his internal muscles, and Hannibal is entranced.

He doesn't leave the needy hole empty for long. He plunges in a few inches, and Will grabs handfuls of sheets, looking for something to keep him present as blinding pains and pleasures overwhelm him.

Hannibal knows that this is still painful for Will, even after all the times he's penetrated Will in the past few weeks, so he tries to be gentle and slow, even when his body is telling him to just go for it, to just breed.

Will's lips part as he pants, his pupils blown wide as he watches Hannibal try to restrain himself. Will reaches back with one of his hands, he finds his pussy, and the large cock impaling it.

He feels the way he stretches around Hannibal, then Hannibal himself. He strokes the rest of the length that has yet to enter him, his range of motion not the greatest in this position.

Still, he tries and Hannibal takes it as encouragement. He holds onto Will's hips with both hands, his grip tight and controlled when he pushes further into Will's tight heat.

Will lets out a groan, burying his face in the pillows. He can't hold onto Hannibal anymore, his length almost fully buried within him.

If anyone told past Will that he'd be able to take 8 inches of cock up his pussy.. he'd have called them crazy.

Hannibal waits until Will's face turns back to him, and checks to see if any tears have fallen. There aren't any; a good sign.

Hannibal moves slowly at first. Pulling his hips back before pushing them forward with caution. He loves how he can see Will's hole stretch against his girth when he fucks into him.

Will's eyes fall shut when Hannibal increases his pace, his hands grabbing onto his hips harder to keep him still. Will reaches down with one of his hands to play with his t-dick, rubbing small circles over the erect nub.

His insides pulse around Hannibal's dick when the added stimulation starts to bring more pleasure to Will. Hannibal feels less resistance now, and takes that as a sign that Will is ready to take some tougher thrusts.

His hips snap forward, and he drops his chest, bringing it down to press against Will's arched back. He can feel how uneven Will's breaths are like this. Their skin starts slapping when Hannibal gets settled, his thrusts becoming more consistent and brutally good.

"Fuck, Han, just like that!" Will cries when Hannibal's hips meet his. He's still stimulating his cock, but his hand is trembling, making it harder to keep a steady stimulation.

He doesn't really need it though. He will most certainly orgasm if Hannibal keeps up this pace and intensity.

Hannibal still holds onto Will's hips as he fucks him, because he knows that with how hard he's pounding into him, Will's hips with drop off he were to let go.

Will's pants and moans are enough encouragement, but when he lets loose filthy phrases, that's when Hannibal really feels closer to his release.

"Fuck me full. Pump your babies into me, Han. Please, please. Shhhit." Will calls as Hannibal kisses his throat, a gentle touch despite the very not gentle abuse of his hole.

Hannibal feels close, and he can tell that Will is close too. He can tell by how increasingly wanton his noises become, and how his hand falls down onto the mattress, no longer able to stimulate his dick with trembling hands.

Hannibal reaches down for him, knowing that the orgasm will be 10x better for Will if his sensitive cock is being stroked.

Will is reaching his peak quickly, his mouth open, but only gasps of air leaving now. The sound of skin slapping in the only one that fills the room.

Will's orgasm is violent and sudden, his body tenses and shakes when he comes. Hannibal can't help but groan at how his pussy squeezes him, encouraging his release.

He feels close, but it isn't until Will looks up at him with blissed eyes then does he spill his thick seed inside.

"Yes, yes! Shit, Hannibal, I can feel it in me."

Hannibal keeps his hips moving, trying his best to fuck the seed in as deep as he can. He collapses over Will when he can no longer hold his hips up with his weakening muscles.

They lay silent, breathing uneven and bodies limp. Hannibal is crushing Will, but the younger male couldn't care less. And when Hannibal tries to climb off of him, he whines,

"No, don't pull out yet, I don't have any plugs." Will explains, "I don't want any to leak out."

Hannibal kisses Will's head, hiding his smile.

"We can get you a plug. We're much more likely to get pregnant if all my semen stays inside, you're right." Hannibal indulges.

"We're not likely at all." Will reminds him.

"Not with that attitude. We can keep trying until we get it." Hannibal coos, nuzzling his nose into Will's sweaty hair.

"No matter how long it takes?" Will plays along.

"No matter how long it takes." Hannibal confirms, willing to keep playing along with Will's obvious breeding kink.

And play they will.

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